

THE BYSTANDER



The Floral Parade Poster.
Their Mean Advantage.
Lunching on Car Tickets.
The Faking Correspondent.
The Canal and Our Merchant Marine

"I wanted to help advertise the Floral Parade by sending out a lot of the postcard posters, but after I saw them I was afraid I would get into trouble with the postoffice people if I dared drop one of those things in a letterbox. Why didn't the printer put some more leis on that poster girl, anyway?"

The Bystander had this said to him some weeks ago, when the Floral Parade posters, stickers and cards were first distributed. The one objecting to the artistic effort used by the committee this year was a woman. I talked "high art," "the beauty of the nude" and got my tongue twisted, trying to quote the famous remark of the bad King Charles. I praised as delicately as I could, under the circumstances, "the female form divine" and attempted sarcasm about people who would drape the Venus de Milo in a bath towel.

All the satisfaction I received was a remark to the effect that if the Floral Parade poster had no printing on it and was exposed for sale in a Japanese shop, Chief McDuffie would be justified in raiding.

"Anyway, the thing isn't typical of Honolulu or Hawaii. The people here wear clothes. Why try to create any other impression abroad and bring people down under false pretenses?" was the parting shot.

Since that conversation, I have been doing a little investigating and I have found that a great many of the Honolulu women object to the very pretty poster and have declined to assist in the distribution of the advertising matter. One asked me if the poster artist intended to represent Eve reaching for the apple?

Which only shows how hard it is to satisfy everyone.

When the first mosquito came to these Islands he did not pay his passage, he came as a stowaway in the water tank of one of the whaling fleet disguised as a wiggler. He has been an "undesirable citizen" ever since and has thrived in the duck ponds and puddles of the lower lands in a most vigorous manner. Early in her career, for it is the female which is the biting kind, she discovered the adaptability of pretty ankles as a means to an end, and an exceedingly unpleasant end she has. Thus through the mosquito generations there runs a gamut of instinct that the aforesaid ankles are safe pasturing; the swish of a skirt gives warning of action and, when the victim seeks her tormentor, it has disappeared. The Bystander has a dim recollection of some Biblical saying about pouring oil on troubled waters, but the pouring of oil on the local waters of trouble in a more generous manner than heretofore would possibly be more to the purpose in these prosaic days. There are quite a few pests in these Islands which it would be well to get rid of; we have the pestilent knocker, the pestilent Filipino, the pestilent politician. Oil of any kind does not seem to reduce the number of these, but with the mosquito it is different. A little well-distributed coal oil, used with discrimination, will greatly reduce the fretfulness of our wives and sweethearts and possibly lessen the suspicious actions of some maiden in a public thoroughfare when attacked by an immodest mosquito seeking to take a mean advantage.

Talk about the high cost of living in Honolulu! What do you think about a two-and-a-half-cent lunch? That includes meat, pastry, sweets and a drink at the tap and can be secured from any one of half a dozen well-patronized eating establishments in the city, showing not only that a nickel can be split but that the precaution taken by discouraging the use of banknotes is cheerfully got around.

This is done by making school children's street-car tickets legal tender. At any one of the score of quick lunch shops in the neighborhood of the public schools, a child can buy a car ticket's worth of buns, tendering either the ticket or a nickel, in the latter case receiving a ticket as change. It is suspected that all the parents do not know of this system of how finance that has caught on among the children. The Bystander has reason to believe that many a nickel goes into forbidden avenues of trade by reason of the street-car ticket facilities provided by the pake enterers, the youthful financiers coming out five ahead each alternate day by splitting their lunch checks.

Some time ago an enterprising merchant imported a few kegs of pennies and attempted to put them in circulation, but they were got rid of as soon as possible by the other merchants and by people who were continually mistaking the copper coins for those of better metal. The cent system proved a failure, until today the only place where brown coins are legal tender is at the stamp window of the postoffice, and even there they are received with a certain amount of contempt. If the school children, however, are going to put into practice later on what they are learning now at the schools about the use of fractional currency, we will not only have to reintroduce the despised copper but also send out a foreign order for farthings.

During the past week the attention of local readers has been called to two published communications from Hawaii in the mainland press, one being a signed article in which the only offensive feature was the illbreeding displayed in the apparent desire to besmirch others in order to appear white by contrast. The letter itself, which was undoubtedly not intended for publication, was amusing enough and could do no permanent injury to either the writer or the ones so freely and insultingly written about. The other communication, which appeared marked "Special Cable to the Examiner" had neither the merit of wit, the substance of truth nor the justification of "news." It was simply a vicious lie, told in cold blood to the discredit of the community.

The "story" in question was published in the Hearst papers, being the lead story of the day. It was supposed to deal with the question of the employment of a Japanese teacher in the public school, but, beyond the fact that there was an attempt made to raise a rumpus over that question, there is nothing else true in the Hearst's article. That article informed the yellow journal readers that the citizens of Honolulu were terribly worked up, that excited groups of white citizens discussed the question on the streets, that the white press was a unit in its abuse of the Japanese and that the Japanese were hurling back editorial denunciations of the whites. The article further stated that a mass meeting of Americans denounced the department of education and voted a unanimous endorsement of Judge Lightfoot for the noble stand he had taken. And other rot of the same kind.

Such fakes do the community no good among thinking people, although it is unlikely that there are many thinking people who read the various Examiners. The effect of such an article, for writing which some Honolulu correspondent received at the most two dollars, is to encourage sandlot opposition to the Japanese on the Coast and to provide material for saphead jingles throughout the country.

The man who wrote the slurring references to the others here of his own profession is simply an overdeveloped ass, but the one who passed off his

SIDELIGHTS

Never mind hunting up a Chinese calendar, or asking your washman or vegetable vendor, to ascertain whether Chinese New Year is at hand. As to the exact date it begins, unless you sidestep, you must choose between the consul and those of his race who refuse to be censured at a dollar and two-bits per enumeration, making three dollars "Mex." But independent of technicalities involving studies about dynasties and other equally disagreeable subjects, determining the exact hour, you may prove for yourself, with your own eyes, that firecrackers and fizz-water will soon make their annual visit to Chinatown—and for the occasion wherever two or more are gathered there is Chinatown. He may have stolen that latter idea from the Bible or we may have swiped it from him, but it goes, nevertheless.

Why doth Sidelights boast of this wisdom which you have not? She will tell you why, so that you likewise may get wise. In order to make a salad dressing I wanted to get a particular brand of olive oil, and my grocery man had sold the last he had to Governor Frear's University Club for ball purposes. Anxious to keep my husband from having a grouch because his guests at our dinner would not get a salad up to his standard, I inquired how the famine in oil might be avoided. Even as Jacob sent his numerous boys into Egypt to be fed, after being Snook-ized by their discarded brother with the Bert Peterson coat, so was I directed to a store on King street. I went. The polite manager was a tall man, suave, with gold-mounted spectacles, no queue and a white vest. Of course, it is unnecessary to say that he wore some other articles. Yes, he thought he had the brand and would look it up. And while he was looking I got looking. Seven or eight boys were busily engaged in tying up packages, and putting them into boxes, and nailing up the boxes, and printing addresses on the boxes, both in Chinese and in English. For it was a wholesale house, as well as a retail. When my merchant brought back a bottle, and I found the proper label with the pure food guarantee on it, I asked him what were all the things going into the boxes, and where the boxes were going.

And then did I know that New Year was at hand. For the small merchants on the other islands were getting entertainingly busy. Lyechee and other kinds of nuts were being shipped. Firecrackers by the square foot were being shipped. Dorsal tops which erstwhile gave notice of the approach of a dead horse devouring submarine monster, commonly called a shark, were being shipped. Fish and ducks and pork, all of whom once lived in China and were there killed and desecrated, were being shipped. Eggs, which at their birth had narrowly escaped capture as loot during the Boxer war, were being placed in the cases. Plenty of champagne; piles of Chinese tobacco; reams of cigarette paper; hundreds of cans, containing, for aught I knew, anything from a fried lobster to a stewed turtle, made up a part of the consignments. Downy linings of homes once occupied by almond-eyed. Celestial birds, packed in pasteboard boxes, were being tenderly and lovingly parted with. Ginger, raw and jarred, helped out. Confectionery and watermelon seeds and funny little tidbits—maybe "little" is surplussage—which might be cakes and might be buttons, were slipped into corners. There were neither knives nor forks, but bundles and bundles of chopsticks. Some of the rest of the shipment looked like it was for consumptive purposes, but I couldn't quite fathom its makeup.

Accounts between Chinese are settled yearly, hence were there several blank account books in each shipment and a new counting board. The books have flexible backs, and resemble not the ominous looking ledgers which the white merchants pull down when your husband gives you money enough to go out and pay bills. The counting business is not a patented one which obviates the necessity of an early education in mathematics. But both answer the purpose.

A package which was heavy for its size, and in some sort of a way by its odor dimly reminded me of a trip made through San Francisco's Chinatown before the earthquake, went into a box destined to be opened at a small town on Maui. Notwithstanding the fact that neither Hendry nor Stackable were in sight, and that Breckons was awake instead of dreaming, I could gain no knowledge of its contents. It maybe that it was molasses, for molasses is heavy and not always odorless. Poi it was not, for poi is not heavy and has a well-marked smell which I detected not. But somehow or other, as one of the employees put alongside of it a case of odd looking dice, I got just a trifle suspicious. For dope and dice go together celestially as well as aliteratively. Yes, Korohi is at hand.

TENEMENTS.

George Carter's protegee, Colonel Roosevelt, has a friend by the name of Jacob Riis. The latter of the famous trio mentioned has achieved not only fame but dollars from literary investments in the tenement business, carefully noting in his half-dollar per word contributions that he would score any income derived from rentals received from buildings of the Japanese teahouse, Carl On Tai-Richards, Magoon Block, Winston Apartment House type.

Would that Jacob might visit Honolulu, and take in and write about some of our places where the poorer classes congregate and the rent dollars accumulate. Some of the features of his New York articles would, of course, be missing. The absence of playgrounds and the piercing cold of winter and the parching heat of summer could not be desecrated upon, for in Hawaii they exist not. But the crowding and the filth and the squalor and the misery and other things that Riis went after are on hand.

The "front" put on by many of these buildings is usually a good one. Small stores and cheap barber shops and shoemaker shops may be seen, all reasonably clean. But if you want to imitate the New York man on a small scale, do not come to the conclusion from the outside inspection that everything

Japanese teacher story on the Examiner as news is a knave. He took money under false pretenses when he accepted pay for it, and he lied knowing that his story would discredit the community in which he lives.

What a glorious thing the Panama Canal is going to be, after Uncle Sam has spent his hundreds of millions digging it, his hundred million fortifying it and his other millions maintaining peace and health along it! Two great oceans will be wedded, the dream of a century will be fulfilled, American money and American brains will have accomplished what Frenchmen and foreign money failed in! Isn't that something to be proud of? With what swelling chests we may cheer when the first vessels float majestically through the locks, the pioneer of an absolutely new commercial course.

But, after all the chest-swelling and the cheering and the speechmaking, what are we going to see in connection with the canal? Boats of every nation but our own passing through it. British, German, French, Swedish, Japanese, Brazilian, Greek, with only once in a while an American warship to show our flag. Then, unless conditions have changed very much for the better, we will sit around and ask each other, what good it is all doing us?

The Panama Canal will open up a short cut for foreign vessels to carry American exports to the Orient and Australia and bring back American imports, but it will not throw any trade to American ships, because American ships can not compete. It will not help reduce transcontinental freight rates because there are not American bottoms to carry the freight and foreign bottoms can not. It will not help conditions so far as Hawaii is concerned unless more American boats make their appearance, because we, too, are on the American coast.

Lacking a merchant marine, the great benefit of the canal in a commercial way will not go to the people who built and paid for it. It is possible, of course, that the canal will induce the building of more American ships, but this is doubtful unless there are a number of other changes. Even large preference rates in canal tolls would not be enough to make up the difference in the cost of operation between the ships under the stars and stripes and those under almost any other flag. A substantial subsidy, or the repeal of some of the laws that make an American ship more expensive in operation than those of other nations would alone help out the situation.

From New York to San Francisco is 3258 miles via the canal and an eighteen-knot liner could make the passage in twelve days. A liner of that capacity could make Honolulu from New York in fifteen days. There are plenty of liners capable of making that speed and if the coastwise laws did not forbid, excursions could be run in connection with the San Francisco exposition—to be given, congress or no congress—to the Coast city and to Honolulu. But—and here we are up against it again—there are no American liners to make the run.

If there were American boats for the business, or if there were no coastwise law regarding passengers, what a popular way of getting to the San Francisco exposition it would be to board a ship at New York or Boston and sail for the west via the canal itself, seeing first what there is to celebrate about and then taking part in the celebration.

But, under present conditions, our pride in the canal will be drowned in our shame over a lacking merchant marine.

is all right, although humble. Slide up one of the narrow alleys leading to the back. The best—perhaps I should say worst—time to do it is on Sunday or in the evening, when the entire population is in hand. Then will you appreciate that conditions exist which, to say the least, must not appear in Secretary Wood's promotion literature.

Sidelights is not talking through her hat, nor is she knocking Honolulu. It is a good town to live in and to die in. But if we take stock of ourselves occasionally no harm can come, and perhaps good may result.

If you pick up some friends of yours, enjoying during a globe-trotting trip, a half day or so with us, you will, of course, take them on an auto-sight-seeing trip. You will cut out Kakako and not go near Iwilei, and break speed ordinances when you pass some other undesirable places. Of course, you will go to Waikiki and visit the aquarium, and stop at the Moana for lunch or other kinds of refreshment, and point out the beautiful grounds and the splendid bathing places and all of these things. And, of course, your friends will be delighted and say "How beautiful!" "I surely am coming here for a long visit," and such like appreciative expressions. But a word of advice from me. As you go down, call their particular attention, as you near the turn from King street to the Waikiki road, to the odd-looking bunch of coconut trees on the makai side, and keep their attention riveted until the turn is made. Do not have a puncture at the turn, or your friends might while necessary repairs are being made inspect the sign laden building on the mauka side. Should this unfortunately happen, when your trip is resumed, I doubt whether the expressions would have quite so genuine a ring.

For, if curious, they would see things not very pleasant. Filth, not only physical, but moral, would they see. Junk of all kinds piled up with decayed vegetables and fruits, would they see. Buildings so arranged that temptation to set a match to them is not yielded to only because loss of life would necessarily follow, would they see. Many children, happy only because happiness is one of God's gifts to childhood, and growing up under conditions which, as maturity comes, must inevitably and inexorably make happiness only a memory would they see. Empty beer and gin and whisky bottles by the gross, and saki tubs by the dozen would they see. Even if blind they would witness a system of sanitation which I sometimes believe must have been devised by doctors during hard times.

The place mentioned is but a sample. If your friends see it, they will care to go to no more, although they are in existence. So, when the new tire has been put in place and properly expanded, and the chauffeur announces that he is ready, let the scenes be blotted out of all your minds by the consoling reflection that it is quite Christianlike to confine interest on a tenement real estate investment to, say twenty-five per cent per year. As for the other things we don't need to mind. That is the duty of the officers.

LET US PARTICIPATE.

For some weeks I have been somewhat fearful of the coming Shrine pilgrimage. They all claim to be good fellows, and there are numerous occasions when they live up to their claim. My husband is a Shriner, and his endeavors to make good along the line mentioned sometimes result in physical and financial disaster. But my fears have been allayed. Guardians galore are in charge of the caravan—I think that is what they call it—headed for Honolulu. If many of the visitors undertake to make Honolulu look like one huge bed of hibiscus flowers there is going to be trouble.

For an inventory of the list published in The Advertiser the other morning shows enough women in the party to handle even a bunch of Shriners. Wives and daughters and sisters and perchance sweethearts are coming along. Whether the result has been brought about by a grudging, growling, permission on the part of the men, or a stern, firm stand for female rights, can not be told, but coming along they are. And, as my husband is not particularly attractive in appearance or brilliant in mental attainments, my fears have been dispelled. The men will, under the gentle guidance of the women, be forced to behave, and none of the latter will pay any attention to the head of our house. Hence my complacency.

I have the program, too, and am still not disturbed. It is typewritten and perhaps tentative, and was left at home one morning by oversight. It includes a luau where we can go. It includes a ball where we must go. It includes a volcano trip on which we should go. It mentions social gatherings where our presence is absolutely essential to success. We were not mentioned in the function they sarcastically dub a "ceremonial" session, nor in that blowout which, with memories of headaches and orgies and indigestion and feezes which have shrunk during the night, they designate as a "traditional" banquet. Neither do we have a place in the parade. But that is only for one day, and as we participate in the other days, I guess we can stand it. Then, too, the man named after the vice-president, to wit, "Sunny Jim" McCandless, is in charge. Being not a politician, and being but newly married, he will not only have to be good himself, but must exert his influence on the rest of the outfit along the same lines.

And let we Honolulu women get busy. On general principles are we better advertisers than the men. We see more of the beauties of Hawaii, and talk more and better about them. And after our male relatives have made fools of themselves by parading in public, and while they are in retirement to look after the comfort of the "novices," let us have what they call a "hen" party, our guests to be the visiting ladies. For the bunch looks rather good, and entertainment would appear to be not only a source of pleasure but of profit.

If The Advertiser prints this rambling effusion at all it will probably be under the "Society" head. Should it be cut out entirely, Sidelights, having preserved a copy, will send it for consideration to the head of the local temple—the man who awkwardly wears a gaudily decorated robe which is a cross between a holoku and a kimono, a funny looking kind of a hat which leaves you in doubt as to whether he is Turk, Hindu or hobble-skirt female, and a pair of shoes whose turned-up toes and color suggest snowshoes as to shape, the blare of a trumpet as to color, and paresis as to possession.

Small Talks

WALTER G. SMITH—I'm glad to be a come-back man.

LIANG LEAN FANG—I've got my cue here in spite of the loss of my queue.

FRED L. WALDRON—You just wait; there will be some rubbering during the rubber convention next week.

JAMES A. RATH—A Texas cattle round-up isn't a patch upon the germ round-up by the Palama Settlement.

W. B. STOCKMAN—It is safe to predict that Honolulu will get to be a regular old soak if these rains keep up.

MAYOR FERN—That story about the Chinese baby born with teeth isn't so much. Have I ever told you about my teeth?

R. W. BRECKONS—I don't believe in reform, except when it is practical. Getting rid of the tenements is the best kind I know of.

JUDGE WHITNEY—The juvenile court can go anywhere the kids go, even to the chief of detectives' office, and will still do the same old work.

REPRESENTATIVE TOWSE—If all that I hear is true, that four hundred thousand surplus is going to last about one second after the grabbing begins.

GEORGE LYCOURGUS—What kind of a deal is this Hilo is getting from the Prince Rupert excursion? This talk of customs trouble is all foolishness. Who has been knocking, anyway?

REPRESENTATIVE KAMANOU—If the fifth district members recommend Eli Crawford for the house interpreter, I see no reason why he should not be appointed. But it is up to the fifth district.

JOSEPH F. MALLOBY—I think the idea of having the Elks' club in the old Y. M. C. A. building is an excellent one. Quite a number of Y. M. C. A. members are Elks and now these will be able to obtain spiritual consolation on either side of the street.

URGES FORTIFICATIONS.

NEW YORK, January 22.—At the annual banquet in this city, last evening, of the Pennsylvania Society, President Taft again urged, in most emphatic manner, the fortification of the Panama Canal Zone. His remarks were received with enthusiastic applause.

The only Mike Paton brought down the house on Saturday night with his songs and recitations. Mike is there with the goods all right as an entertainer.

INTERESTING TO MOTHERS—HOW TO CURE COUGHS AND COLDS.

There is one subject which always interests the mothers of young children, and that is how to treat their coughs and colds, or to ward off a threatened attack of croup. For this purpose we can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It always proves beneficial. In case of croup it should be given as soon as the croupy cough appears, so as to prevent the attack. Keep it at hand ready for instant use. Many mothers do so, and it saves them much needless worry. For sale by all dealers. Brown, Smith & Co., Ltd., Agents for Hawaii.